

WOMAN'S WORLD.



YOUR WINTER HAT.

Picture Hats the Rage—TAM O'Shanter Crowns of Value.

A young customer came into my shop yesterday with a most fetching hat on. I admit I looked at it with a frown, and I thought it rather shabby of her to go outside and purchase her season's hat.

"It is pretty, isn't it?" she said, answering my look. "Well, I made it myself. You know my large French felt hat you sold me last year? I had taken the trimming off, brushed it and put it away last spring. I looked it over Monday. It was in fresh condition and fashionably shape, excepting the brim was too narrow.

This defect I remedied with an inch-wide band of circular felt bought at a shop. Around the edge and where it was joined I placed a tiny band of fat. Over the fat trim I gathered a Tam O'Shanter crown of black velvet; at the base of this another wider band of it. I bought two yards of accordion pleated, shaded silk, made two rosettes, and sewed them on the sides. A little brood crest I placed a pair of wings out from the side, their roots embedded in the rosettes. The brim was a wide flat in the back, with a flat bow of velvet ribbon straight across it.

"Now look well," the owner of the hat said, as she turned around on one foot. "I pruned it to the extent of taking her hat for a model, which you must admit is rather oversteering the usual condition.—The Milliner.

The Art of Expression. A number of invited guests had the pleasure of hearing an admirable paper upon "Expression in Pose and Manner" yesterday morning, by Helena Harnett Mitchell, at the Academy of Music.

"I hear you say, 'There, that's Delabarte for you.' Delabarte does not admit of any such theory, that you should not walk with either mince or bounce. Don't do anything with your feet. Hold your shoulders up with a firm, steady, and dignified carriage. When you walk, you should throw out the abdomen and come down with your weight on the heels. You waste nervous energy and you are walking on your spinal column.

"Nineteenth century women are law-breakers, violators of the great law of nature, and the divine law of compensation. If the waist muscles are properly developed there is little inclination to stand with the shoulders over the heels. But we are a race of corset fiends. It's this that throws the weight of the torso on heels, instead of on the ball of the foot. Look the women of ancient times. Some years ago a fashionmonger discovered these standing positions and concluded that the main making the nineteenth century woman look like her.

"The Greek woman stood straight, which necessitated her shoulders over her hips; this threw her hips into a curve. Women of today do not have correct hip lines because they throw the shoulders over the hips, making a continuous curve down the back to the heels. This fashion-monger may have been quite a strange character in many respects, but his discovery of the fact that the woman of the past stood with her weight on the ball of the foot, and that the woman of the present stands with her weight on the heels, is a discovery of the highest importance. It is a discovery that will lead to a more correct and dignified carriage for the woman of the future.

"In a country that is filled with this one-sidedness, it is not surprising that the laws of expression, we wouldn't allow a man to portray a death scene, and when he has to, he on the stage with his thumbs standing up full of life as if to say, 'Simon says that a few weeks ago during the engagement of a Kansas City girl, who was a very beautiful girl, knew the laws of expression, we will approach nearer the beautiful and more dignified carriage of the woman of the past.'—MRS. L. H. ROOP.

HELLENA HARNETT MITCHELL.

CUPID'S VICTIM.

When the Little Girl Chances to Strike a Man With His Bow.

"When a man is in love he forgets to shave his face, and never knows when to go home. He goes on in his solution of time; he forgets the day of the week, and for the life of him, could not name you the day of the month. When a man is in love he forgets to shave his face, and never knows when to go home. He goes on in his solution of time; he forgets the day of the week, and for the life of him, could not name you the day of the month.

A GOLD MINE ROMANCE.



"Can't you take me to the opera?" said the man to the woman. "All the neighbors have been going. Can't you take me, dear, to-night?"



"No, I'll not," yelled White, severely. "Do you think I'm made of money? Do you take me for a bank?"



"Then a telegram came to her from the Kaffir mines away. Saying that her Uncle Billy had been killed that very day.



"That his nuggets and his millions had been left to her sole right. Every dollar, every cent, now belonged to Mrs. White.



"Goodness gracious, Sue, forgive me; I was talking in my sleep. You can go to every opera."



"No, indeed," cried she severely. "I will lecture Monday night. And devote my every penny to the cause of woman's rights."

Oh, Fresh. You would think from his talks. And the way that he walks. From his leaning eye that's due. And the look on his face. But he owned the place. And he don't let it go.



SOME TRIBUTES TO WOMEN.

KNITTING ON THE TRAIN. I saw a woman knitting on the train. A woman rather old and poor and plain. Her needles clicked and her hands were bent. Than any fashionable dame could be. She was knitting, knitting, knitting on the train.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE. I loved a girl so deeply, yet, with all my dotting heart, I filled my soul with darkling gloom when she was not near me.

TO A BLUEBERRY. Sweet, my sweet, when summer boughs are laden with their purple fruit, When you are sitting on the grass, Think of the happy times we had, And talk of olden days.

TO A BLESSED MOTHER. This good old mother of a sturdy line, This mother of a sturdy line, This mother of a sturdy line, This mother of a sturdy line.

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THE OWL DRUG STORE, 920 MAIN STREET.

We will have a SPECIAL SALE FOR MONDAY. And while we are giving you such wonderful bargains we want you to continue your interest in us and give us your entire trade. NOT A BOTTLE should you buy from the old COMBINE that has ROBBED you for years, and which is now spending more time trying to injure us and holding meetings—once and sometimes twice a day—while we have been driven direct to the MANUFACTURERS and have stocked our store from cellar to roof. All goods fresh and pure. Come early, as we are always busy, but will have extra help for MONDAY.

Table listing various medicines and their prices, including Quinine, Eucalypti, and other health products.

Hot Water Bottles from 50 cents up. Atomizers from 50 cents up. Perfumes at prices that will surprise you.

The Owl Cut-Rate Drug Store, 920 MAIN STREET.

THE NEW WOMAN IS OLD.

Cartoonists of Half a Century Ago Portrayed the Coming Woman as a Donee Dandy.

The coming woman is always coming. Her principal vehicle of transportation appears to be the bicycle, which she is particularly busy with her at this, the



A CARTOON OF FORTY YEARS AGO. Woman's Emancipation as Illustrated in a New York Magazine When the New Woman

close of the century. So it was in the middle of the century, when, as now, she was pictured as having acquired man's habits, and especially to that part of it which invests the lower extremities.

THE QUILTING BEE.

Will the 'New Woman' Ever Be Able to 'Quit Both Ways'?

Society must be pleased there is no doubt about that, but to do so she must be able to quit both ways.

The only remedy is to secure a society sensation, something calculated to make the quiet quilter a social success.

There is one notable distinction between the quiet quilter and the social success of the present day, for the former is of the past, while the latter is of the present.

WHEN HE WENT HOME.



Willie Neverleave (sighing)—"I saw the sweetest little poem in this morning's paper."

"Miss Della Dimple (sighing)—"In this morning's paper, Mr. Neverleave? I didn't hear the bell ring."

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

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DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS, FROM THE PLAYBABY OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE CHILDREN TO THE BONE DOLL OF THE FROZEN NORTHLAND.

